

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 125

Week Ending
AUGUST 6, 1921

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Ready Every Friday 2d.

CAN LIFE COME FROM PHARAOH'S TOMB?

MYSTERY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

WEAKNESS OF A RAGING GIANT

Little Drops of Water Without the Grains of Sand

WHY MEN MUST DIG THE RIVER BED

On one and the same day come cables from Canada telling of her noble river the St. Lawrence, with one tale which is almost a tragedy, and one which seems to be a sort of natural irony.

First there is the wreck of the passenger steamer Rapids King, spectacular and dramatic, but not tragic, seeing that after 15 hours of labour, with cables slung from ship to shore, every one of the 450 passengers was saved.

What a mockery the ship's name seemed—Rapids King—when the swirl from the Long Sault Rapids caught her, spun her round, smashed her rudder, and threw her to destruction on the rocks. Rapids King indeed!

What the Raging River Cannot Do

Except for the fact that every life was saved the wreck was as terrible as anything that could happen at sea. And yet in that river of majestic violence, at that very moment, men and dredgers were at work doing for the river what the river should do for itself—digging its bed five feet deeper than the 30-feet which it had. A river which can play shuttlecock with a great steamer cannot, with all its Titanic force, excavate a bed of sufficient depth for navigation.

Another lesson is here, a lesson without words, from Nature's great book of parables. It is ever the little things that matter, and the little things are not in the St. Lawrence. Little drops of water, little grains of sand—we all know the familiar lines. But the St. Lawrence is all water and no sand. Her power is wasted for lack of small allies.

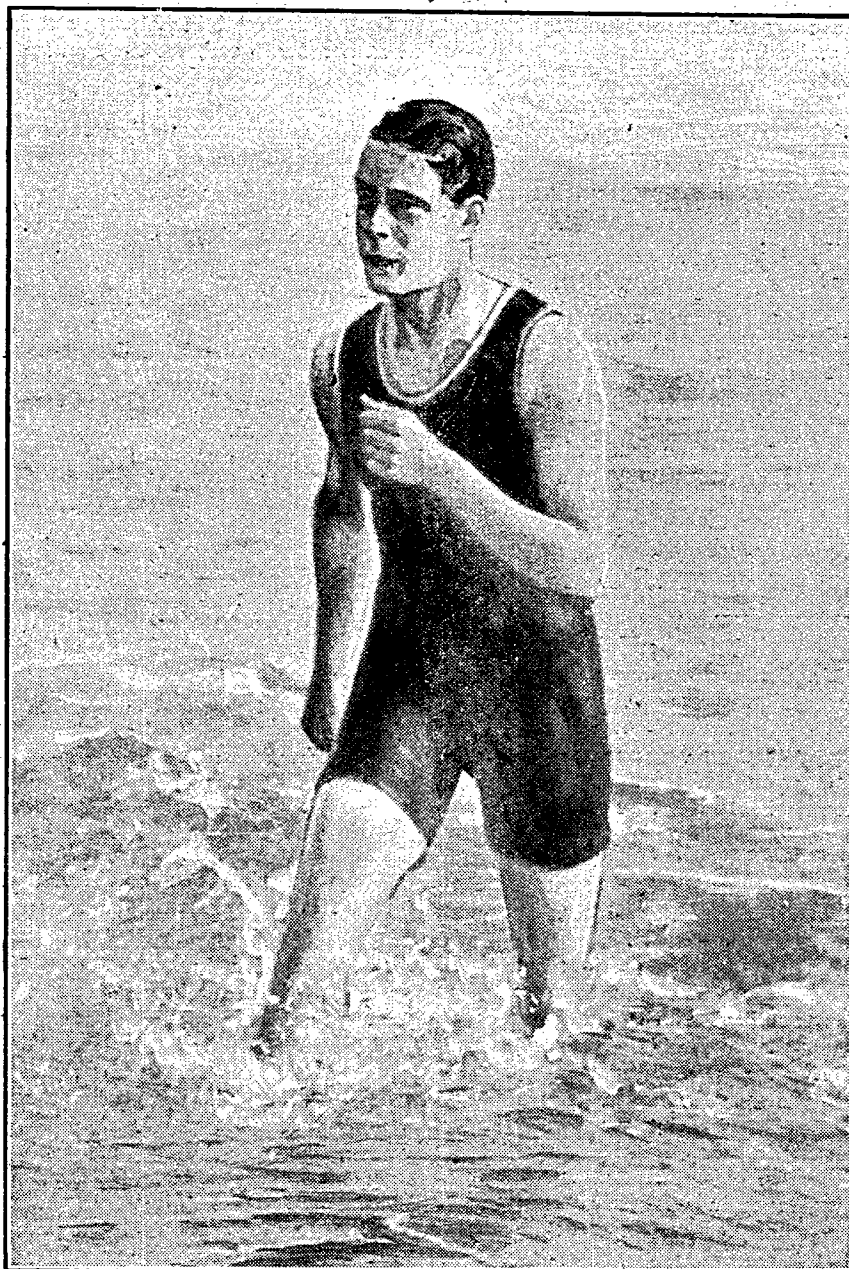
Disadvantages of a Pure River

Out of Lake Ontario issues the river, bouncing down with energy enough to shake a continent. Down the superb rapids she flies like the very embodiment of natural power. Surely all this boundless strength should carve a course deep enough for any river that ever ran?

But no; running, roaring, raging water is mainly sound and fury in a case such as this. To make a deep bed for itself a great river must carry incalculable myriads of sand grains. These grains, unconsidered and unseen, are the river's masons; they, and not the stream, do the cutting and carving. The St. Lawrence issues so pure from its source, so free from sand and grit, that, for all the dynamic energy of its waters, nothing happens; the river bed remains shallow.

If the St. Lawrence were one-quarter as strong but twice as sandy its course would be half as deep again.

The Prince Keeps Cool



The Prince of Wales, who has been resting at Brighton, managed to keep cool during the hot weather by bathing from the beach

RED DRAGON ENTERS SYDNEY HARBOUR

The Oldest Flag in the World

A PRESENT FROM CARDIFF

A ship has just entered Sydney harbour flying the oldest ensign in the world.

The vessel was the ocean liner Themistocles, and it flew the Welsh flag with the dragon of Uther Pendragon, the legendary father of King Arthur. Never before has a big ship flown this flag, and crowds gathered to witness the strange sight.

The flag was a present from the city of Cardiff to the Welshmen of Sydney, and was a return gift for one sent to the people of Cardiff by the Welshmen of Sydney. The men of the two cities had previously agreed to exchange flags.

The Themistocles took the flag out from Cardiff, and when the ship reached the Great Australian Bight the flag was flown from the masthead. The hoisting was carried out amid much ceremony and the singing of the Welsh national anthem, and Welshmen made speeches in their native tongue.

Vision in the Sky

As the ship entered Sydney Harbour the dragon floated bravely from the mast, the red dragon standing out boldly on a ground of green and white.

Uther Pendragon is said to have had a vision of a flaming dragon in the sky, which his seers interpreted as a sign that he should ascend the throne. He did so, and ever afterwards carried a golden dragon in battle as his device.

Later on this was incorporated in their arms by the Anglo-Saxon kings, and in the reign of Edward VII it was placed in the armorial bearings of the Prince of Wales.

The dragon is much older than Welsh history, however, for it was the device of the Parthian kings who fought the Romans, and it was adopted as the standard of the Roman emperors of the West. Afterwards it developed into the golden dragon of Wessex and the red dragon of Wales.

Now it has sailed bravely over the seas and floated in realms Pendragon and Parthian and Roman never knew.

PARLIAMENT THANKS A BOY

The State Legislature of Connecticut has passed a vote of thanks and presented a gold watch to a boy of five.

He is Joseph Charles Ayer, and his father is a clergyman who acts as chaplain to the Legislature and is blind. The chaplain's home is in Brantford, 35 miles from Hartford, the State capital, and every day during the sitting of Parliament in the session just closed the boy escorted his blind father from his home to the Parliament House and back again, so that the chaplain did not miss a single sitting.

THE DOG THAT WENT TO THE TRENCHES

PRINCE, the most famous dog of the Great War, has just died at Stafford.

His was a comparatively short life of only eight years, but it was crowded with incident, and the greatest animal story of the war was that which told how Prince went to France in 1914 and found his master in the trenches.

His owner, Private Brown of the North Staffordshires, was one of the Old Contemptibles, and went to France with his regiment soon after war was declared.

Prince, who was then a few weeks old, was left behind, but a little later he disappeared from his home in Hammersmith, and, although a reward was offered for his recovery and a great search was made, no trace of him could be found.

In terrible sorrow Mrs. Brown wrote to her husband, and was amazed a few days later to receive a letter in which Private Brown said, "I am sorry you

could get no trace of Prince, but I am afraid you will not be able to do so while he is here with me."

The soldier went on to tell how at Armentières he saw Prince wagging his tail and yelping with delight. His sudden appearance was almost uncanny, but his master and his comrades were delighted to see the dog again. The colonel also welcomed the animal back to the regiment, and later it returned to England.

Now it is dead, and not only those who knew the dog personally but all lovers of animals who have read about his wonderful adventure will regret that he should have passed away at so early an age. No one can say how such a young puppy could make its way to the coast, secure a passage on a steamer across the Channel, and then find its way to where its master was fighting, but it was a great feat.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE

THE BUILDING COVERED WITH GOLD

What Would it Have Cost if Built Today?

A BIBLE WONDER OF THE WORLD

Not one stone remains upon another of the great temple. Solomon built to make Jerusalem the religious capital of the people of Israel. Not a vestige of it can be traced; not even its site can be positively fixed.

But the study of its history has engrossed the attention of scholars since Christianity made Jerusalem a place of pilgrimage. One such scholar, the Rev. T. E. Bird, has given us his opinion in a lecture at Cambridge that the cost of the temple in material and workmanship might have been, in the money of today, a thousand million pounds! Seven years of labour went to its erection, and practically the entire manhood of Israel was conscripted for the task.

Partnership Between Kings

It is impossible either to confirm or challenge this figure, for there is no historical statement of what the values and quantities were, but we must assume that the lecturer had not prepared his estimate without considerable research. We do know, however, that Solomon had not to pay the money. The bulk of his materials was derived from his friend Hiram, king of the Phoenicians.

The gold with which the temple was covered, the noble cedar of which its timbers consisted, the brass and copper which flashed in the sunlight—such of these as King Hiram supplied, were rendered to Solomon in exchange for the corn and oil which Solomon was able to furnish from his ample stores.

Here was a matter-of-fact partnership between two brilliant young kings. The Phoenicians were a sea-roving and far-trading people; the Israelites were a purely agricultural people, like the Bedouins and Arabs of today, and unskilled in the arts of cities. Hiram's experts were the guiding spirits in the great seven years' work, and the Jews must have been the hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Sea-Power Long Ago

The partnership between the kings extended to the two nations, and the Jews, for the first time in history, took to the sea. Under the guidance of the Phoenicians they built ships; they traded with India and South Africa; they sailed to the ports of the Mediterranean; they or the Phoenicians may even have taken for the temple copper from the mines of Britain.

The temple was of stone and wood and precious metals, 120 feet long and half as wide, the walls 45 feet high, and the roof rising 15 feet above the walls. It was one of the wonders of the world, and its destruction set all mankind talking, even in the days when the conquering Romans overthrew an ancient city with as little hesitation as they built a new one.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

5 tapestry panels from Stowe	£8000
Four 1637 English candlesticks	£725
A painting by Hoppner	£630
A violin made by Stradivarius	£500
Four William and Mary chairs	£483
A landscape by Rubens	£420
A 1635 silver tankard	£343
An enamelled Limoges plate	£315
A Louis XVI small table	£200
A set of Dickens's works	£200
A painting by Titian	£105
An old Worcester dish	£100
1st edition of a Kipling pamphlet	£68
2000 Government Blue Books	£2
80 volumes of classics in calf	10s.

Seeds From a Mummy's Hand

DO THEY FLOWER IN A SURREY GARDEN?

The Most Famous Authority on Egypt Settles an Old Question Once For All

DR. FLINDERS PETRIE ON MUMMIES, SEEDS, AND LIFE

WE have a big batch of letters about mummy seeds—another very interesting one from Mr. Arthur Collins, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre; one from a lady who declares she has eaten peas grown from mummy seed; one from a lady in Edinburgh who declares she has seen "a field of mummy wheat" on the estate of the Earl of Haddington; and several others.

But not one of these letters gives evidence which would convince a Court of Law or satisfy a scientist, and we remain of our old opinion still. We do not know of a single case—we do not believe there is a case on record—of mummy seeds growing.

We will take first of all the further letter from our friend Mr. Arthur Collins, who has some very fine peas now flowering in his garden at Weybridge. The seeds of them, Mr. Collins tells us, came originally from the late Dr. Birch, who was Egyptologist at the British Museum, and they were said to be taken from the hand of a mummy about four thousand years old. Mr. Collins has had the seeds four years, but in any case Dr. Birch died about thirty years ago, so that we can hardly be sure of the history of the seeds since they left his hands.

Sifting the Evidence

Mr. Collins also emphasises the fact that his peas grow very high, and are unlike any peas we know in this country. "Why is there no similar specimen at Kew or in the Horticultural Society's grounds?" he asks. The answer seems to us to be that his peas may be an Egyptian variety, which would hardly be represented in this country, but it does not necessarily follow, of course, that they are ancient.

Mr. Collins goes on to say: "The mummy from which this seed was taken was described as that of Rameses II, and in the palms of the hands were found little saucers containing the seeds." But the mummy of Rameses II is not in London, where Dr. Birch was engaged, but lies in Cairo, and it had nothing in its hands. Here, again, there is some discrepancy in Mr. Collins's information.

Seeds That Would Not Grow

Mr. Collins's gardener at Tythe Barn, Weybridge, refused at first to believe that these seeds were seeds at all, but thought they were bits of stone, and laughed at the idea of planting them. In five days, however, they were shooting up in the hothouse, very much to his surprise, as an ordinary pea takes about eleven days to show any signs of life when forced. Other readers tell us of such peas growing to a height of seven feet, or even more.

Now, in order to try to arrive at some definite conclusion on this fascinating subject, we have consulted the greatest living authority on ancient Egypt, Professor Flinders Petrie. All the world owes Professor Petrie an immense debt for the way in which he has enriched our knowledge of ancient civilisations, and in view of the continual interest in mummy seeds, and the statements frequently made in grown-up newspapers concerning them, we sent Mr. Collins's letters to the Professor and asked him if he could confirm the opinion of the C.N.

This is what Dr. Flinders Petrie says:

"Regarding so-called mummy wheat, the evidence against the growth of ancient wheat is that I found a large mass of some bushels together—of Roman age, and therefore less decomposed than from earlier dates. I at once picked out the least shrunken grains, and planted them in rows in wet mud, in wet, firm soil, and in rather damp soil, on the bank of a sheltered canal.

"Everything possible was in their favour—the large mass which prevented oxidation, and the quick planting before further change in air. None germinated; no more did Roman grape-stones.

Missing Links

"The loose links in these stories are many. Wheat was found in a coffin given to the Prince of Wales in 1861, and it germinated. But the coffin had been lying in the Khedive's stables with grain piled over it, so that any crack would let seed in. The raspberry seeds from the Laurium mines were exhibited along with modern seeds for comparison, and Sir Joseph Hooker told me he saw visitors taking some of each for comparison and throwing all back into the tray of Laurium seeds.

"The letter of Mr. Collins shows second-hand information, which prevents any certainty. Dr. Birch probably never opened fifty mummy cases in his life. The mummy of Rameses II is in the Cairo Museum and had nothing in the hands. Without a perfect knowledge of every variety of pea or other plants it is impossible to say that a form is unknown today. Even so, planting in entirely different soil and conditions might start a new variety.

The Life of a Seed

"The modern knowledge of wheat precludes any possibility of its surviving for even a century. A good percentage is dead in three years, and scarcely a single grain will sprout after ten or twelve years. The love of the marvellous will make people cling to the notion, like the 'unlucky' beads or figures, or the many absurdities about mummies. To one who has lived side by side, day and night, with mummies, and handled them and their belongings for forty years, the credulity of educated people is ludicrous.

That seems to settle the old, old tale of mummy seeds. We are all sure that the peas look very beautiful in the garden at Tythe Barn, and we hope the rain will come to save them from shrivelling up like those on our hilltop in Kent. But we are equally convinced that the peas at Tythe Barn are not from seeds from the hand of Rameses or any other mummy, though we are grateful to Mr. Collins for raising this question once again, and for helping us to settle it—for ever, we hope.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR C.N.?

A C.N. friend in Manchester thinks it would be interesting to know what readers do with the C.N. after reading it.

Our friend sends his into the wilds of Canada, to children who live far from shops and papers; and he sends the C.N. monthly, My Magazine, across the North Sea into Norway.

What do you do with yours?

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



Nearly nine million people live within fifty miles of Manchester.

Sharks six feet in length have been reported off the Welsh coast.

There are only 47,000 unemployed in France; Britain has over two million.

A flying swallow was hit and killed by a cricket ball during a match at Oswestry.

London's New Palace

There will be six miles of corridors in the new offices of the London County Council at Westminster.

Beer no Medicine

The American House of Representatives has passed a law prohibiting doctors from prescribing beer as medicine.

Golden Wedding in a Workhouse

The Medway Board of Guardians has congratulated two inmates who have celebrated their golden wedding.

Home of the L.C.C.

The new home of the London County Council, the building of which is proceeding rapidly, is expected to cost £4,344,000.

Millions for Surplus Stocks

The Government Disposals Board has now realised £582,324,756 by the sale of surplus stores and raw materials gathered for war purposes.

A Fortune for a Picture

A painting by the French artist Delacroix, bought a few years ago for £1200, has just been sold to the French Government for £20,000.

Cockatoo as a Life-Saver

The inmates of a house near Romsey, in Hampshire, which was burned down the other day were roused by the screams of a pet cockatoo.

The Nation's Poultry Run

The National Poultry Council reports that the total value of eggs and poultry produced in the United Kingdom last year was at least £65,000,000.

The Wimbledon Windmill

The windmill on Wimbledon Common, for repairing which a fund is being raised, has been a prominent landmark for nearly a century and a half.

Aeroplane to Carry 20 Tons

A huge aeroplane is to be built in Italy which will carry 130 passengers and a cargo of 20 tons, and will travel 90 miles an hour, with engines of 5000 horse-power.

Sixty-two Million Tons of Shipping

The latest figures, given in the new edition of Lloyd's Register, show that there are 33,206 registered ships on the oceans and seas of the world. They have a tonnage of nearly 62 millions.

A Cathedral's Windows

Southwark Cathedral, in which Shakespeare's brother lies side by side with John Gower and other poets, cannot afford to clean its windows. They have not been done for 20 years.

The Breakfast-Table Tax

The duties on food are now so great that a family of six pays over five guineas a year as breakfast-table tax alone. A penny in every shilling paid to a grocer now goes to the Government.

A Sparrow's Nest in School

A correspondent tells of a London pair of sparrows nesting in a Shepherd's Bush school. At the time of writing four young birds were being reared behind the hot-water pipes of a room.

Work of the Foreign Office

The number of papers dealt with by the Foreign Office is now three times as many as before the war, and the number of telegrams exchanged between the Foreign Office and its representatives is five times as many.

Brer 'Possum Comes to Town

A family of opossums has taken up its residence behind the town hall at Dubbo, about 180 miles from Sydney, in New South Wales. At night the animals can be seen scampering over the trees and telephone wires.

ARE ALL SNAKES VENOMOUS?

Rabbits Killed by a Frog WHY SOME POISONOUS REPTILES ARE NOT DANGEROUS

We usually speak of harmless and poisonous snakes, but Dr. and Madame Phisalix, who are regarded as the greatest living experts on venomous snakes, have declared in a Paris journal that there are no harmless snakes; all are venomous, and not only those with poisonous fangs.

Both the blood and the saliva of serpents are more or less venomous, but it is the poison of the saliva that is able to enter the blood of a victim through the minute wounds made by the teeth of the snake when it bites. Only when introduced into the blood is this poison dangerous, and not when it is merely swallowed.

But Dr. Phisalix and his wife go farther. They claim that all the lower vertebrates are more or less venomous. Even fishes contain poison in small quantities; and frogs, toads, and newts have a considerable amount of venom.

This venom is of two kinds. One kind, which is colourless, is distributed all over the creature's body, being found most abundantly in the abdomen; and water in which an ordinary edible green frog was washed was sufficiently poisonous to kill two adult rabbits.

The other kind of venom is situated only upon the back and behind the head. These poisons, like those of snakes, are dangerous to man, but only when introduced into his blood, and that can only be done in the laboratory. In ordinary circumstances, frogs and toads and newts are quite harmless.

A KEY DOWN THE BACK How it Stops the Nose from Bleeding

By the C.N. Doctor

An old-fashioned remedy for nose-bleeding, mentioned in the papers the other day, is to put a key down the back. That seems rather stupid treatment, and yet, like many other old-fashioned remedies, it is really sensible and scientific.

When the cold key slips down the back the nerve in the skin sends up a message to the brain and tells it that the key is cold; and not only are we conscious of the coldness, but certain nerve-cells in the brain, which regulate the supply of blood to the skin and mucous membrane, are stimulated, and respond to the stimulation by causing a contraction of the blood-vessels that supply the skin and mucous membrane with blood.

Nature has wisely made this arrangement so that the blood in the skin may not be chilled by exposure to cold. The result is that if the nose is bleeding it bleeds no longer, or bleeds less, for the vessels which have been full of blood contract, and become quite small.

Of course we deceive the special centres in the brain, for it is not really cold enough to require contraction of the blood-vessels, but the deception serves a good purpose.

In a similar way it is often possible to stop a hiccup by putting a key down the back. Hiccup is a spasm of certain little muscles; and cold messages sent from the skin stimulate the cells in the brain that regulate these muscles, and they are, so to speak, recalled to a sense of duty.

To a great extent all the functions of the body are regulated in this way, and the messages to the brain and their answers are known as *reflex actions*, and are usually outside the control of the will, and sometimes altogether outside consciousness.

THE STUFF OUR RACE IS MADE OF



Polishing a garden seat that they have made themselves



Making a hand-sewn boot



A blacksmith at the anvil



A tailor at work



Making a broom



A tinsmith putting the finishing touches to a kettle

We give with great pleasure these fine photographs of boys at work in Barnardo's Homes, where, through the Ever-Open Door, children come from our shameful slums to be made into the manhood and womanhood of the English-speaking race. An old Barnardo boy has lately died in Melbourne who had risen to be an M.P., and had built up a fortune of £80,000 as a sheep farmer. Up to this year over 91,000 children have been through the Homes

BLUEBEARD'S DOCTOR

ENTER DR. BUTTS

A Famous Newcomer to the National Portrait Gallery

MEMORY KEPT GREEN BY TWO IMMORTALS

A fine portrait of Sir William Butts, physician to King Henry VIII, painted by Hans Holbein, has just been bequeathed to the National Gallery under the will of Mrs. Wodehouse, the widow of a former M.P. for Bath.

This doctor, well known and prosperous in his day, would probably have been forgotten but for the fact that he has been for ever rendered famous by a great artist and a great author.

His portrait was twice painted by Hans Holbein, the most famous portrait painter of the 16th century, and the masterly picture which now comes to London to hang in the National Gallery will make the features of Sir William Butts familiar to thousands who visit that treasure-house of masterpieces. The portrait is regarded by experts as one of the finest Holbein ever painted.

The Doctor at the Window

But apart from the portrait the name of the physician to Henry the Eighth is known to every schoolboy and girl from the fact that Shakespeare made him one of the characters in the play of our Bluebeard king.

We all remember the second scene in the fifth act, where Archbishop Cranmer is standing in great trepidation in the lobby of the Council Chamber, to which he has been summoned by his enemies, the lords of the council.

Shakespeare here gives the stage direction "Enter Dr. Butts," and the Archbishop notices that the doctor looks concerned.

The king's physician. As he passed along How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me. Pray Heaven he sound not my disgrace! For certain,

This is of purpose laid by some that hate me.

Then the king and Butts appear at a window above, and Butts points out to Henry how the lords have summoned Cranmer, whereupon the king replies:

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery: Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close; We shall hear more anon.

The doctor has been rendered famous for all time by both poet and painter, and now that his portrait is coming to the National Gallery in London the stage direction "Enter Dr. Butts" becomes a real fact.

Sir William Butts was a Norfolk man educated at Cambridge, and he was physician, not only to Henry VIII, but to two of his unhappy queens—Anne Boleyn, whom he killed, and Jane Seymour, the mother of Edward VI, who died soon after her son's birth.

On the Side of Mercy

As physician to the king his salary was £100 a year, to which a slight addition was afterwards made, and when he became physician to the Princess Mary he received as his curious reward "a livery of blue and green damask for himself and two servants, and cloth for an apothecary."

His wife was made a gentlewoman of the princess's household, and her portrait, also, was painted by Holbein.

Butts undoubtedly saved the life of the Princess Mary when there were plots to poison her, and he had a good deal of influence with the king, which was always exercised on the side of mercy.

He pleaded for both Wolsey and Cranmer, and from every point of view London and the nation will be glad to see him in Trafalgar Square. Butts died in 1545, and was buried in Fulham Church, so that the buses that pass his grave will now pass his famous portrait too.

HURRAH FOR HOLIDAYS

THESE GOOD YOUNG DAYS

The Red-Letter Days of the Long Ago

PUTTING JEREMIAH INTO RHYME

The school holidays have begun, and for the next five or six weeks lessons may be set aside, and boys and girls will be enjoying themselves in various ways. How different holidays are in these good young days compared with the bad old days! Then there was little or no recognition of the fact that boys and girls need pleasure and recreation. The hours of study were long, and but for the saints' birthdays, known as Red Letter days because they were printed in the calendar in red ink, there was little relaxation from lessons.

Even on Red Letter days, though there were increased rations in honour of the saint, there was little real holiday. Services had to be attended, but if the boys were lucky they were allowed out perhaps for an hour or so.

One Poor Gaudy-Day

How keenly they used to look forward to these Red Letter days we know from Charles Lamb, who when they were abolished wrote:

I must have leave, in the fulness of my soul, to regret the abolition and doing-away-with altogether of those consolatory sprinklings of freedom through the four seasons, the Red Letter days, now become, to all intents and purposes, dead-letter days. There was Paul and Stephen, and Barnabas, Andrew, and John, men famous in old times, we were used to keep all their days holy, as long back as when I was at school at Christ's.

He goes on to tell us humorously how he grudged the fact that Jude and Simon were clubbed together "to make up one poor gaudy-day between them."

How sad to think of the way this poor friendless boy spent his holidays!

To this late hour of my life I trace impressions left by the recollection of those friendless holidays. The long warm days of summer never return but they bring with them a gloom from the haunting memory of those whole day leaves when, by some strange arrangement, we were turned out for the livelong day, upon our own hands, whether we had friends to go to or none.

The boys used to go bathing in the river on those days in summer-time.

How merrily we would sally forth into the fields and strip under the first warmth of the sun, and wanton like young dace in the streams, getting us appetites for noon, which those of us that were penniless (our scanty morning crust long since exhausted) had not the means of allaying.

It was worse in winter, when the boys had to go prowling about the streets, shivering with cold and trying to extract a little amusement from the windows of the print-sellers' shops, or in visiting the menagerie at the Tower of London for the fiftieth time.

At School in the Holidays

Of course, at the big schools there were summer and winter holidays, but these were poor substitutes for the real holidays of today. In the winter, at any rate, at schools like Eton the boys were not allowed to go home or even to idle. They wrote Latin verses and performed other very schooly tasks.

The only real vacation was in summer, when, as the old records say, those boys "who were carried away by the desire to visit their friends" were allowed to do so. If they did not get back punctually within three weeks they were publicly flogged and lost their scholarships.

Some of the holiday tasks were very queer. A favourite one was to give the boys a chapter of the Book of Jeremiah, which they had to put into verse.

On May Day at Eton the boys were allowed, as a great treat, to get up at four o'clock and go out to gather boughs of hawthorn; but only on condition "that they do not wet their feet."

SUN AS A COOK

Scientist's Jolly Game on a Mountain

OVEN RUN BY A FIRE MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY

Here is something for hot days and coal strikes—if only the hot days would last long enough!

Cooking on very scientific lines is being carried out at the well-known Smithsonian Sun Observatory on Mount Wilson, in California. The heat of the sun is trapped and sent up to the oven where the cooking is done. In this way the oven is kept hot long after the sun has set, so that cooking can be done in the cool evenings without coal or any other ordinary fuel.

Here is the secret of this wonderful oven. Oil of a very high boiling point is slowly pumped up a narrow tube running up the side of the Observatory to the oven in a top-storey kitchen. Round this pipe, in the form of a semi-circle, is fixed an aluminium mirror, the pipe being fixed in the centre of the circle. The result is that all the sun's rays are concentrated by reflection upon the pipe, and the oil is thus heated to a very high temperature.

After passing through the pipe the hot oil is carried to a reservoir around the oven; so that the oven is uniformly heated. As the oil cools it is allowed to fall again; and the next day, when the sun is shining, it is again slowly pumped up into the hot reservoir.

Oil when heated retains its heat for a considerable time, and by carefully choosing the right oil and the best conditions the Observatory officials have made themselves independent of the fuel problem.

Some eggs have lately been fried, for a joke, on the steps of the Parliament House at Washington, but the scientists have beaten the politicians once more—as they always can and always will.

AN OLD MAN AND HIS BOY

Tale of a Medal and a Motor Car

By Our Paris Correspondent

This is decidedly a year of centenaries. Eight have been counted in one week in Paris—eight men and women of a hundred years old, who are welcomed and wished many happy returns of the day. Is it not something to make a parrot jealous?

Let me relate a story which was told yesterday about one of these old men, who is a sailor.

A medal was to be given to him by some one from the Government. The representative travelled in a motor-car to the little village where the old man lived near the sea, and after the birthday feast was over the officer delivered him the medal and the two embraced amid the applause of everybody there.

Then the caller was starting back when the hundred-year-old man shyly said to him that he had never been in a car and wished he could have a ride for just a minute. "With much pleasure," said Mr. X, smiling and opening the door of the car. "But I should love to take my ship-boy with me," added the old one. "Very well; tell him to come." "Eh, eh! Father Peter, come here," called out the hero of the day; "the gentleman says you can come up in the car with me!"

And Mr. X, quite flurried, saw an old man of 92 hurrying toward the car!

FARMERS AND GRASSHOPPERS

In Western Canada this year many cartloads of arsenic have been shipped out to the farmers by Provincial Governments to help to fight the grasshopper menace. The promptness with which this was done is said to have saved the situation.

CENSUS SURPRISES

Queer Trades People Work At

GIVERS-IN AND GIVERS-OUT

On the recent census paper the trade or profession of every worker had to be shown, and now that the papers are being examined some strange trades have come to light.

One man was returned as an eye-puncher, but this had nothing to do with prize-fighting. The man's work really consisted of making the eyes in steel needles.

Ginger-bleacher was, of course, easy to understand; but what was a bal girl? Evidently some form of ballet-dancer, thought the census clerks, till they looked into the matter and discovered that it was a technical term for a miner who is employed in an open working.

A giver-in is engaged in a special branch of the textile industry, but a giver-out is in the hat trade, and so is a hardener. A heaver-out is a puddle-furnace man, and a jacket-cleaner has nothing whatever to do with tailoring, but is a man employed in finishing the records for talking machines.

All Sorts of Pilers

Citizens were asked to give the description of their trade in some detail, and so a certain kind of insurance clerk described himself as an average-stater. But what is to be said of a man who describes himself as a piler? The census authorities on looking into the matter discovered that there are pilers in starch factories, glass works, paper-staining establishments, patent-fuel factories, worsted-dye works, wool warehouses, chain-making works, soap factories, and at puddle furnaces. The piler, therefore, had not gone sufficiently into detail.

A bill-sticker described himself as an advertising labourer, and a weaver of gold and silver brocade as an orris-weaver. An ager is a machine-winder, a cop-conditioner a man who regulates the ball of thread on the spindle in worsted weaving, and a feu-farmer is a farmer who holds his farm on feu—that is, on a perpetual lease at a certain fixed rental.

AMERICA AND EUROPE

"Appalled by the Abyss"

STRIKING SPEECH BY GENERAL SMUTS

We give these words of General Smuts at a recent dinner because they express a view of America's position that should be understood.

America almost took fright after the war (said General Smuts). She looked into the abyss of Europe and was appalled. She drew back almost in horror at what she saw in the Old World. I do not blame her.

She had lived her own life in her own continent, self-contained, largely isolated, and for a moment when she looked into this cauldron of European passions she drew back in dismay.

But she cannot draw back. We will not allow her to draw back. Her own high sense of duty and of destiny will not allow her to draw back. The day is coming when America will realise her duty to the world, as in 1917. She will come in once more. She will once more help to bear the burden which is too heavy for the British Empire.

I am sure the connecting link in this great chain is Canada, and I hope the day is coming when Canada will be able to bring home to America the obligation that rests on her; and America will come in with the rest of us to pull her weight in the world.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

MAN WHO HELPED TO DEFEAT NAPOLEON

A Famous Poet Laureate

CLEVER PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

- Aug. 7. Queen Caroline died at Hammersmith 1821
- 8. George Canning died at Chiswick 1827
- 9. John Dryden born at Aldwinkle 1631
- 10. Taiping Rebellion began in China 1850
- 11. Crispi, Italian statesman, died, Palermo . 1801
- 12. Viscount Castlereagh killed himself, Cray 1822
- 13. Sir John Millais died in London 1893

Sir John Millais

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, the most popular British painter during the Victorian period, was born at Southampton, but was of Jersey origin.

He was an artist from childhood. At eight he had drawn a portrait of his grandfather. From eleven he was a student at the Royal Academy School, carrying off all the prizes. From sixteen he was the main support of the household by his art work.

When he was nineteen he joined Holman Hunt in forming the "pre-Raphaelite brotherhood" of artists, whose aim was to draw what they saw correct to the last detail.

This led to some unpopularity, but opinion changed, and Millais presently saw that painting was more than selected copying.

Freedom in style brought him great popularity in all forms of pictorial art, story-painting, characters, portraits, landscapes, and black-and-white book illustration. Some of his paintings of beautiful children are very famous. About 40 of his paintings are in British public collections. He died President of the Royal Academy and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

George Canning

GEORGE CANNING was a great British Foreign Minister of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and the hero of Mr. Gladstone's youth.

Beginning as a Whig, Canning, influenced by the French Revolution, became a Tory, but denounced the slave trade and favoured Catholic Emancipation.

In foreign affairs he did five notable things: He strongly supported Wellington's campaigns against Napoleon in Spain; he planned the seizure of the Danish fleet at Copenhagen, which finally made Napoleon powerless on the sea; after Waterloo his influence checked the European emperors and kings in their attempts to crush freedom on the Continent; by joining Russia and France he helped to free Greece from Turkey; and he led the nations to recognise the freedom of South American republics.

Canning became Prime Minister, and his whole career showed him to be a man of firm independence of mind.

John Dryden

JOHN DRYDEN was the poet who may be said to have reigned in London literary circles between the reigns of Ben Jonson and Alexander Pope. His middle-life overlapped the later years of great Milton's glorious retirement.

Dryden was a scholar of good family and of Puritan upbringing, but he became at the Restoration a Royalist and a Roman Catholic.

Most of his writings were dramatic, but though some, such as All for Love, the story of Antony and Cleopatra, were powerful, none has kept its place on the stage. Many classical translations are headed by his version of Virgil's Aeneid. As a prose-writer Dryden was clear, direct, and strong.

The poems that gained him the Poet Laureateship were mostly written on public events and people of his day that have faded with time.

John Dryden was a greater man than anything he wrote. His misfortune was that he lived in a period when England sank low in morals and aims, and he was content to be a man of the times rather than an inspiring influence.

Applications should be addressed to School Department, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 6 1921

If England to Itself do
Rest but True

SOMETIMES a foreigner can help us by a sneer.

We have just been told by a famous foreign newspaper that England's star is on the wane, and that the greatest star in the heavens, now mounting to its zenith, is the star of America. Let us think this out.

A greater man than any foreign journalist, the greatest and the most imaginative man who ever lived, our own Shakespeare, prophesied that England should never fall. But this prophecy had one condition. He said:

This England never did nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
... Nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true.

The condition is in the last line. It means that if every passing generation rest true to the Ideal England, England shall never fall.

The questions we have to ask ourselves are: What is the Ideal England? and Are we being true to that Ideal?

The Ideal England, we believe, is founded on Honesty. It is the England of straight-dealing and straight-speaking men: a nation of fearless and upright people who would rather perish than enslave themselves to anything lower than the highest.

Are we living up to that ideal?

Then the Ideal England is a land of domestic tenderness, a home-life as beautiful as her meadows and streams.

Are we living up to that ideal?

Then it is a country of pioneers and individual enterprise, where the brave man, with the compass of conscience to guide him, sets sail on seas of glorious adventure in the quest for noble things and enduring achievements.

And, finally, it is a country of the finest workers in the world, matchless for their skill and unequalled in their devotion to the cause of civilisation—a country unequalled for quiet natural beauty and unsurpassed for free men, patriots, honest as the day.

Are we living up to these ideals?

If not, then we are in danger. We must not stop to ask our candid foreigner what he means by England's star; we must not argue that the commercial prosperity of a vast continent like America is not a star to put out the glory of Little Treasure Island for a thousand years.

Our business is actually very simple indeed. It is to get at once on to the right road, and by our lives to prove that England's star still rides the heavens, beautiful and tender and eternal.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
*above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world*



Mesopotamia

IT is a strange world. We are all very poor, but the Government has spent £150,000,000 on Mesopotamia since the Armistice, and now the greatest authority on the subject declares that it will cost £24,000,000 to make Mesopotamia safe from floods and £54,000,000 to irrigate six million acres.

So the millions go, so our hard-earned gold is poured into the desert, and at home the Government regrets that it can spare only £200,000 a year to get rid of our slums.

'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true. We have always thought deserts better places than slums, but what of all the little children dying in the slums while the Government is making the desert fit to live in?

Too Hot

PETER PUCK was out of luck; He lost his hat and feather. But someone said, "They're on your head!"

And there they were, together. Then Peter, going slightly red, Observed, "I must have lost my head; Perhaps it is the weather."

The Garden Party of the Season

By Perry Winkle

THERE was a splendid gathering at the garden party of the flowers and trees. Forty-five were present.

Good King Henry kept Court, with many Lords and Ladies. One of the best dressed was the Fair Maid of Kent, in Fringe Flowers and Furbelows. Jack in the Pulpit was in a Bishop's Hat.

The Bush Lawyer took his Briar, and Bilberry his Dutchman's Pipe, and both went off to the Bower with Basil Thyme and smoked the Bishop's Weed, sitting on the Lady's Cushion and the Feather-bed, listening to the Canterbury Bells, and having Chats with Sweet Cicely, Bobbin Joan, Creeping Jenny, Blooming Sally, Marguerite Daisy, and Alpine Daphne.

The Dancing Girls, in Blue Bonnets which matched their Blue Eyes, did very well, but the pianist seemed all Fingers and Thumbs. Many guests enjoyed a game of bowls with Earth-balls.

The refreshments were Bread and Milk, Custard Apple, Eggs and Bacon, Corn Salad in Cream Cups, Dog's Rib, Cut Grass, Dragon's Head, and Eel Grass.

After sunset the place became an Enchanter's Nightshade. Candle Tree and Chandelier Tree were lit up, and Fire Crackers and Yellow Rockets were let off amid firing by the Cannon-ball Tree and the Artillery Plant.

By Peter Puck

OUR local journalist never does things by halves. He has just announced that Mr. and Mrs. Somebody are leaving our town; and winds up with the startling statement, "I wash them well." As if "a lick and a promise" wouldn't have done quite nicely.

Torture for the Village

A TELEPHONE in every village is the ideal of the 'National Farmers' Union.' We have a telephone, and we dread to think what will happen to our quiet countryside if every village has one like ours.

During the Drought

Jupiter Pluvius was the Roman god of rain. 'Tis the voice of J. Pluvius, I heard him complain: "You must bridle the sun if you want me to rain."

Tip-Cat

"THE game of life is worth playing," somebody writes, "but the struggle is the prize." So there are no blanks.

"A NEW tax is a bad tax," says Mr. Hilton Young, "and an old tax is a good tax." And no tax is better.

WHEN the tongue is making 1200 revolutions a minute, says our little lady chauffeur, you may be sure the brain is in neutral.

"GET to know a milkman" is the advice given to people looking for houses. A useful man—he's so canny.

"RICH men," according to a contemporary, "don't grasp half their chances." They get rich by grasping all of them.

"NEARLY everyone is crooked,"

according to an artist. The result, no doubt, of trying to live up to their screw.

THERE was great excitement the other day when a cigarette factory was found burning. But what are cigarettes for?

To keep their hair in order Japanese women sleep on wooden pillows. Not the only order that is maintained by a local aid.

The Grease Spot

WE love politeness—in its place; but may it not sometimes be a little overdone? A lady reader sends us this letter from a laundry:

We have duly received the blouse which you have returned, but beg respectfully to ask if it is not possible that when this was taken from the hamper it was placed near some grease?

Our manageress has gone thoroughly into the matter, and we are informed that the blouse was in quite good condition when it left our works.

We are without prejudice endeavouring to remove the grease, and we trust that our efforts will be successful.

We suggest, without prejudice, that the grease should be removed by re-washing the blouse, and we trust that their efforts will be successful.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
Why we get the
best seats at the
worst plays

Poems of Peter Puck

Downhill

After Christina Rossetti's "Does the road wind uphill all the way?"

DOES the road wind downhill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

But must I do some work to earn my pay?

Nothing at all, my friend.

WILL it be fun and frolic all the time?

A floor for dancing and a Negro band?

Will there be lots to eat and heaps of crime?

You'll find them all at hand.

SHALL I meet jolly people on the road,

Those who are wild with hope?

And shall I have to bear another's load?

They carry nothing going down this slope.

SHALL I find pleasure when I reach the goal?

Of pleasure you shall have the lump.

And at the end what happens to my soul?

You cannot miss the bump.

Funny Stuff

By a Dorset Man

OUTSIDE a thatched cottage in Dorset we came upon a heap of soil hollowed out and filled with lime.

We stood and watched this lime working. It had been slaked, but no water was visible. As we stood there little nibbles were running in all directions, so that it looked like a heap of white ants. Then a large lump, almost as big as a cricket ball, cracked, and bits of it went running away as if they had legs. It was an interesting spectacle, and the morning sun shone upon this turmoil so that the agitated lime looked like a patch of snow.

An old man came from the cottage with a bucket of water. He flung part of this water on the lime, turning it grey, making it bubble and hiss, adding to the turmoil.

"I was always fond of lime," he said, "even as a boy—too fond." He pointed to a scar near his eye. "I got that by lime," he explained. "I took a fair lump of lime, put it in a bottle, gave it a drop of water, corked it up, and waited to see what would happen. Why, it went off like a pistol! Yes, I might have lost an eye, mightn't I? Funny stuff. Seems alive, don't it?"

A Prayer by Geoffrey Chaucer

O Thou Maker of the wheel that beareth the stars, which are fastened to Thy chair, Who turnest the heavens with a ravishing sway, and constrainest the stars to suffer Thy law. . . .

Thou restrainest the day by shorter dwelling in the time of cold winter, that maketh the leaves fall. Thou dividest the swift tides of the night when the hot summer is come. . . .

Thou Governor, fasten firm this earth stable with the silken bond by which Thou governest the heavens.

ODD ADVENTURES OF TWO CATS

PUSSY IN THE WELL

How the Mother Went Down
to Rescue Her

CAT'S THREE DAYS UNDER LONDON

Two amazing adventures of cats reach us this week, both of them true, both happening to cats in C.N. homes. One tells of a cat down a well in Kent; the other of a cat in London. Here is the story of Pussy in the well.

While my wife and I were drawing water from our well, 135 feet deep (writes a Kent reader), our kitten jumped down the well. We lowered the bucket again and again, hoping to rescue the little thing, but we failed.

That was on Friday evening, and on Saturday evening, while drawing water, we heard the kitten cry from below. We then lowered a bushel basket, and worked it all round the bottom, but could not recover the kitten.

The Mother's Call

I next got some wire netting and strongly secured the mother cat in the basket, the netting being about four inches below the basket's rim.

Having fastened a lighted candle to the chain we again lowered the basket, with the cat in it. The old cat appeared to know by instinct what we were about, for she mewed to the kitten as we lowered her, and the kitten answered till the basket reached the water.

I kept the basket down there, half in the water—as I could see by the light—for a minute or two, and all was quiet. My wife says she distinctly heard the old cat purr. Then we drew it slowly up, and there, on the top of the basket, close to the old cat, was the kitten.

The kitten was down the well about 26 hours. Her hindquarters were wet, but her head and shoulders were comparatively dry, as though she had been sustaining herself on some ledge.

Now comes the story of a cat's endurance and of the kindness of workmen in rescuing it from misery, as told by a reader in North London.

Three weeks ago (a reader writes) our little cat, Hoo-Too, did not return as usual at bed-time, and after a week we gave her up as lost. Very sad we were, for she is a dear little creature.

After three weeks, on a Saturday morning, there came a ring at the back-door gate bell, and there was a man with Hoo-Too; a poor, starved, dirty Hoo-Too, a bag of bones with glaring eyes.

So weak was she that she could hardly walk, and she was ravenously hungry.

Six Men to Rescue a Cat

Now for the tale. The tramway along our road has been under repair and has been worked in sections. Apparently, Hoo-Too fell down one of the manholes and could not get up again.

It took six men to get her out at the next opening, fully half a mile up the road. They had to hand her up from one to the other, she had got down so far. She must have tramped miles underground, and it was only chance that led her back to the opening where the men heard her crying.

Directly she was put down in the street she ran to our back gate, and the men, curious to know whether she really knew where to come, followed her and told us how they had found her. For three weeks she could have had nothing to eat or drink.

For a long time she was so nervy that she could not stay still, and if we left her alone for a minute she cried pitifully. But she showed us how glad she was to be home and to see us all again.

THE JOLLY BOYS OF PARIS

THE Fratellini brothers have left France. Grown-ups and little ones will miss these splendid clowns who delighted everyone so greatly with their thousand-and-one drolleries.

Many pretty stories are related of which they were the smiling heroes, making us think (writes our Paris Correspondent) of our dear French clown Boum-Boum, who used to play for poor children. Here is a charming story which is quite new.

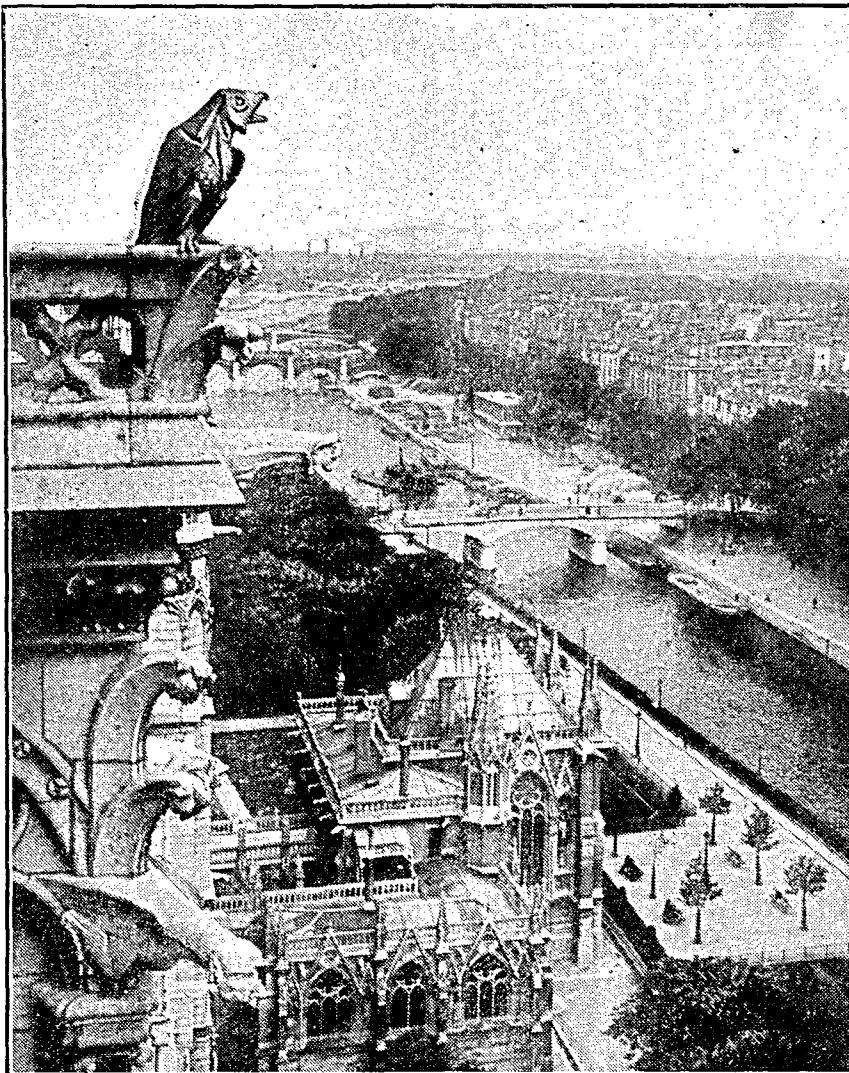
A few days ago the Fratellini brothers were to play at a charity fête. In spite of the manager's efforts the funds of the charity were low, and all its friends were made anxious by the almost empty money-box. The Fratellini brothers heard of all this as they were going to the stage, and an idea came to Paul, the eldest clown. Advancing to the front of the stage, he made up in a merry, crooked

French, this amusing little speech: "The item that will come next is not in the programme, but for it to be successful we need one lady, another lady, and still another lady; three ladies. Do you understand? Oui. Bon soir."

And the brothers, jumping lightly among the audience, came and bowed to three ladies: "Will you, madame, play with me? It is quite easy, you see. While the three Mr. Clowns will do like this with their hat, the three madames will do like that with their mouth, saying, 'For the little orphans, if you please!' Do you understand? Let us begin!"

A quarter of an hour later the three madames and the three clowns were bringing back 8000 francs. "For the little orphans," they repeated, smiling, as they emptied their hats into the manager's money-box.

WILL PARIS BECOME A GREAT SEAPORT?



It is proposed to make Paris a great seaport by deepening the Seine, so that ocean-going vessels can steam up to the capital from the sea, 223 miles away. This fine photograph of Paris was taken from the top of Notre Dame Cathedral, where the famous gargoyles look down on the beautiful city

BOY AND THE OWLS And Swallows in the Hen Roost

Here are two instances of bird observation in Leicestershire by a boy reader.

While living on a farm I kept two young owls whose mother I found dead on the nest with them.

At first they seemed all beak, and I had to hold their beaks open to feed them, but they soon grew enough feathers to fly in the barn.

Whenever they saw me come in they would fly back to their box, thinking it was their meal-time.

In a hen-roost two swallows used to roost with the hens at night, but in the day were busy building their nest in the cow-shed. This they did two years in succession.

At night, when the mother bird was brooding on the young ones, the father bird still slept with the hens.

JACK AND THE TORTOISE A Dog's Jealousy

This story comes from a London garden.

Our dog Jack has been a favoured member of the family for many years, and he resented greatly the advent of Billy the tortoise.

On the day of Billy's arrival Jack was so angry he would not eat, but sulked in a corner or barked at the intruder.

Apparently, in the night he thought of a way of getting rid of Billy, for in the morning he covered him over with a mound of earth, and returned to the house well pleased.

But his old nose coated with mould betrayed him, and poor Billy was rescued, and Jack scolded.

Jack now sees that his place has not been usurped, so he is quite friendly with Billy.

MAKING PARIS A SEAPORT

WILL OCEAN SHIPS REACH THE CAPITAL?

A Mighty Project that would
Cost £80,000,000

DEEPENING A GREAT RIVER

The Municipal Council of Paris is discussing a proposal to make Paris a seaport.

It is not a new idea, for it was first suggested toward the close of last century by a famous engineer named Bouquet de la Grye, and so alluring is the scheme to Parisians that ever since it has been revived at intervals and its possibility discussed.

Now it is being seriously considered, and the Municipal Council has appointed a committee to go thoroughly into the practical side of the matter, and arrange for a start by deepening the River Seine between Rouen and Paris, and straightening the Marne, which joins the Seine. By improving and adding to the canals, too, it is intended to shorten the waterway between Paris and the coast.

Linking Up With the Ocean

Paris is now 233 miles from the mouth of the Seine, but, of course, the river winds about a great deal, and as the crow flies the distance to the French capital is only a little more than a hundred miles.

The main ocean port of the capital would be Gennevilliers, just outside the walls of Paris on the north, and it is proposed to equip this port with the most up-to-date gear for loading and unloading vessels and with workshops, warehouses, and all the regular paraphernalia of a great modern seaport.

In fact, the whole character and appearance of the northern suburbs of Paris would be transformed. In addition to bringing ocean-going vessels to the capital, various canal connections would be made with the Marne and other waterways, and Paris would be open to all parts of the country.

Third City of the World

Of course, the cost of carrying out such a plan would be enormous. It is estimated that to complete the whole scheme would need at least two thousand million francs, which, at the pre-war rate of exchange, is equal to £80,000,000.

The work, however, would not be done all at once; and as it proceeded it would lead to such an influx of business as largely to pay for itself and provide funds for executing additional sections.

Paris, with its 3,300,000 inhabitants, is the third largest city in the world, and to be able to bring all its sea-borne goods direct to the city without the necessity of unloading and entraining them at the coast, and then unloading them again at the capital, would be an untold boon.

SCENE AT A DOG SHOW Two Friends

There was a scene that first frightened, and then delighted, all observers at the dog show at Olympia not long ago.

In one of the pens was a ferocious-looking bull-terrier that regarded the spectators with hostile scorn. To this uninviting pen suddenly rushed a little girl, who began to clamber up it. The spectators darted forward to protect her, but before they could grasp her she had toppled in on the surly dog.

Fear changed to pleasure and laughter in a flash as the crowd watched the little maid's reception, for the dog was transformed into the happiest animal.

It was the daughter of his owner who had come to see him, and he showed his appreciation by licks of affection as he made a place for her in the straw beside him; and when, later, she fell asleep with her head on him, the thumping of his tail showed his satisfaction.

TOWERS OF LIGHT

When Church Steeples Were Used as Lighthouses

C.N. IDEA IN THE LONG AGO

The suggestion made in a recent C.N. that church steeples should be lighted up to act as beacons and signposts for airmen travelling after dark has brought a letter from a Hampstead reader, Mr. Paul Faraday, who reminds us that the idea of lighting up steeples is referred to by the old historian of London, John Stow.

Speaking of Bow Church in Cheapside, Stow mentions "the lanthorns, five in number, to wit, one at each corner and one on the top in the middle upon the arches." He then goes on to say:

"It appeareth that the lanthorns on the top of the steeple were meant to have been glazed, and lights in them placed nightly in the winter, whereby travellers to the city might have the better sight thereof, and not to miss of their ways."

This refers, of course, to the old Bow Church burned down in the Great Fire.

Church towers have often been used as lighthouses round the coasts; in fact, in the Middle Ages the task of keeping the warning lights burning was regarded as a religious work, and was entrusted to monks and hermits.

Light Shines for 500 Years

In the 14th century there was a priory in Jersey with a lighthouse, where two monks used by day to say masses for the souls of those who had perished by shipwreck, while at night they kept the fire burning to guide sailors at sea.

Similarly, a light was kept burning for 500 years in the hermitage chapel at Chale Down in the Isle of Wight, close by where St. Catherine's Lighthouse now stands. On Spurn Head, in Yorkshire, and at Ilfracombe there were also chapel lighthouses.

In 1585 the "masters of her majesties navye" made a proposal on behalf of the seamen of the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk that a continual light be maintained upon the steeple of Winterton Church to save ships from perishing in the night-time on the "many perillous sandes in the sea."

A number of church steeples seem to have been used in this way, and no doubt the fine octagonal lantern on the top of Boston Stump, as the tall tower of St. Botolph's Church in Boston is called, was intended for a lighthouse.

Even today the tower of St. Philip's Church, overlooking Charleston Harbour in America, serves as a lighthouse, a fixed light throwing its beams for 18 miles out to sea.

If the C.N.'s suggestion is carried out it will therefore be an extension and continuation of a fine old custom dating back to the Middle Ages.

THE BEE'S HIDING-PLACE

A Note from Rhodesia

A mention in the C.N. of the Manchurians using hollow tree trunks as hives for bees has led a missionary reader who lives in North-West Rhodesia to send us notes on honey-seekers in that country.

The Kaonde tribe can hardly be called bee-keepers; rather they are bee-finders. Wild bees supply them with plenty of honey.

These bees find natural hiding-places for their honey in large ant heaps and in tree trunks. The hiding-places are betrayed to the seekers by the honey-bird, which the natives call Mayinba.

The bird gives a little whistling note, which the men imitate and the bird then repeats, so that they can follow it till it arrives at the hidden nest.

The seekers then light a fire, and the smoke stupefies the bees, so that the honeycomb can be dug or cut out.

Some of the natives encourage the bees near their villages by preparing hollow tree trunks with holes for the entry of the bees. These they lodge in the forks of trees.

HALL OF TEN PLAGUES

Has It Been Found in Egypt?

PERHAPS THE FIRST MUSEUM

An archaeological expedition in Egypt claims to have excavated the hall in which Moses called down the ten plagues upon Pharaoh.

A vast palace has been found in the ruins of Memphis, the ancient capital of Egypt; and it has now been discovered that it was once the palace of Mevemtah, who is believed to have been the Pharaoh of the captivity of Israel.

Memphis was sacked about 600 B.C. and the palace was probably wrecked then, but it is wonderfully preserved, and much of its ancient splendour can still be seen.

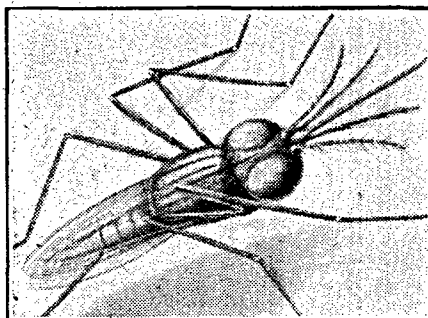
The most interesting feature of the palace was the number of Stone Age relics found in it, which may be 40,000 years old. Apparently Mevemtah was an archaeologist himself and started the first museum that has ever been known.

DR. SCIENCE AMONG THE PLANTS

New Use for Vaccination

Plants have diseases to contend with, as we have, and it seems that some of the methods used in human illnesses may be applied to the prevention and cure of plant ailments.

One of these methods is vaccination, and the first patient to undergo the experiment is the sugar-cane. Much damage and loss have hitherto occurred in sugar plantations through a disease, peculiar to the sugar-cane, known as the mosaic disease, and it is hoped that by inculcating the seedlings with an antidote a species of sugar-cane will be evolved which will be unable to contract the disease.



The Destroyer of Millions of Lives
See My Magazine

LULLABIES BY WIRELESS

Something New for Baby

By a Wireless Correspondent

The latest luxury for the modern baby is an American invention. It is a perambulator fitted with a wireless receiving set, to which a megaphone is attached.

When baby is naughty and will not go to sleep the receiving set is put in circuit, and music, transmitted from a station, is given out by megaphone.

There are now a number of stations in the United States which make a special feature of sending out music, so that many busy mothers may invest in a wireless "pram."

SHORT CHILDREN FREE

Long Ones Pay

The Street Railway in Philadelphia has decided that it will have no more discussions between tram conductors and the public as to whether a child is of age for full fare.

Instead of an age limit they have set a height limit of 31 inches, and children below that height go free, while their taller comrades have to pay their way. In case of dispute each conductor has a white mark on the wall at the entrance of his car just 31 inches above the ground, so that a child can be measured.

HOW DID THEY GET HOME?

A Natural History Puzzle

Queer Adventure of Two Ducks

By a Boy of Kent

A Kentish boy who lives at a water-mill sends us a puzzle in animal intelligence.

Our house was once a flour-mill, with a waterwheel underneath. In front is a large pond fed by a stream, and some of the overflow runs under the house; but most of it flows over a flush, drops about 14 feet, and then flows on to another pond, 300 yards away.

Lately we have been interested in a wild duck that swims about the pond with nine tiny ducklings.

One morning mother's attention was drawn by the quacking of the duck, who was swimming excitedly about in front of the flush. Counting the ducklings, we found there were only seven.

Running down the road, my brother and I reached a bridge over the stream just in time to see the two missing ducklings being carried away by the current to the other pond.

As the lower pond is surrounded by a high fence we knew there was no hope of rescue. The ducklings could neither walk nor swim back. They had swum too close to the flush, and had been carried over with the overflow.

Now, imagine our surprise in the afternoon to see the mother duck emerge from the reeds in the pond with all her family following—not seven, but nine.

By what mysterious means had the devoted little mother got her two lost children back to our pond?

THE FIELD OF FLAME

Strange Succession of Stack Fires

A reader at Bradford, in Yorkshire, S. Siddie, writes to say that for some years past there has been quite a succession of stack fires in a field opposite his house.

Early in the present month a workman's club held a fête in the field, and a fire balloon was released. The wind carried this on to a stack that had been built only a fortnight, and set it on fire, and, in addition, the grass for a hundred yards on the windward side was burned.

Last March a haystack in the same field was set on fire by some boys, and in the same month a joiner's shop close by was burned down. Two years ago another haystack in this field was burned, and a year or two before the war a similar haystack was destroyed by fire.

This field certainly seems to hold a record for fires.

STUBBY

General Pershing Decorates a Dog

Stubby, the little fox terrier that served in France with the American army, has been given a gold medal by General Pershing.

Stubby took part in seventeen battles, and was wounded at Seycheprey. He is probably the most decorated dog in the world, and he is also a member of the Y.M.C.A., a member of the Red Cross, and a member of the American Army.

Stubby has a share in reviews, dressed up in a little embroidered cloth of the Allied colours, with all his medals.

HEN CHANGES COLOUR

From Blue to White in 18 Months

The Washington Journal of Heredity tells how a blue Andalusian hen entirely changed her colour from blue to white in less than two years.

Every time she moulted a few white feathers replaced the same number of blue ones, until she became a snowy white. And just as curious is the fact that her chicks still hatch out the same colour as if she had remained blue.

MY MAGAZINE AS A BOOK

4200 Pages of All That Is Best in It

WITH 9000 PICTURES

Half a generation is a long time, but for all those years the spirit of the C.N. monthly, My Magazine, has been going out to the ends of the earth.

It has tried to stir in our minds a constant sense of the wonder of the world we live in, a love of the Island Home in which the liberty and joy of life have been built up for us, and a quenchless faith in the Creator in whom we live and move and have our being. It has been a magazine with a purpose, yet it is claimed for it that it has never been dull. Long before Lord Robert Cecil discovered that journalism's business was to make righteousness readable My Magazine was at this business with all its might and main.

Was it not this spirit that made the Children's Encyclopedia what it is, that has won for it the affection of a multitude that no man can number? A dozen years have passed since the Children's Encyclopedia came to an end with the big index that guides a child on its way through the Realms of Knowledge; and years of never-failing wonder have they been. We live in a world not realised then.

Men were laughing at the idea of human flight in those old days, but now men fly to Paris every morning. The human voice has bridged the Atlantic Ocean. Radium has given mankind new visions that even yet we hardly understand. X-rays are doing miracles every hour that goes. The kinema has come. Ships run without coal and trains by electricity. Kingdoms and thrones have gone toppling down. New powers have arisen on the earth. A thousand things that seemed eternal have broken up and passed away. Never in history have been twelve years like these.

All the wonder of this time has been told in My Magazine, and now it has been thought worth while to take what the Times has called "this wonderful magazine," to take all that is best in it, all that is most worth preserving, and put it into books; and at last there is ready for all who love the wonder of this world the big volumes of the Children's Treasure-House, crammed with just those things that make My Magazine what it is. A booklet with a full description of the Children's Treasure-House will be sent to any reader of the C.N. who asks for it on a postcard addressed to the Educational Book Company, 17, New Bridge Street, London, E.C. 4. Mention the C.N.

RATS STEAL £50

A labourer near Dover lost his savings, amounting to £50 in notes, and a search was organised. The notes were kept in a tobacco pouch under his pillow, and this was found later, badly gnawed, in a rat hole. The notes were not damaged.

SUMMER VISITORS BEGIN TO GO

Swifts Leave for India
and the Cape

SWALLOWS AND MARTINS GATHERING TOGETHER

By Our Country Correspondent

The young swifts are fledged, and in a few days they and their parents will fly away.

Swifts come to us in May and leave early in August, some going to the Cape of Good Hope, while others fly across Europe to the Andaman Islands.

During the time that it is with us the swift seems always on the wing, from the earliest hour in the morning till often ten at night, and some naturalists assert that it spends the entire 24 hours flying. That, however, can hardly be the case, for the bird would become exhausted.

The swifts come to us again year after year, always inhabiting the same places, and there are few village church towers round which they may not be seen circling right up to the beginning of August. Then, suddenly, they go away.

The swift bears a considerable resemblance to the swallow, and is often called by country folk the black swallow, but, as a matter of fact, it is no relation of that bird, being more closely allied to goatsuckers and humming-birds.

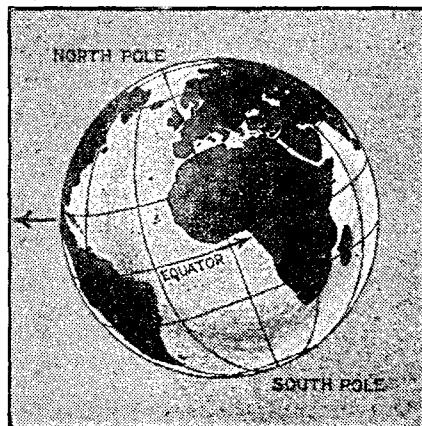
Several readers have written lately asking the difference between swallows, swifts, and martins. The swift has just been referred to.

The swallows and martins are cousins, and both come to us from the sunny south in April and leave about the same time in October. As the time of departure approaches martins and swallows gather together in large numbers, and then at last fly off to Africa, the swallows a day or two in advance of the martins.

Swifts are often seen hawking for insects in the air in company with swallows and martins, but their flight is much more vigorous and less graceful.

The swifts appear quite black on the wing, whereas the house martin shows white beneath from chin to tail, and has a white patch on its back. The swallow, though appearing as a black-and-white bird on the wing, at close quarters is seen to have a mahogany-red forehead and chin.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at noon on any day in August as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Make the principal autumn sowing of cabbage. Plant out coleworts, and sow the winter crop of spinach.

Earth up the early crops of celery as they advance, keep the hearts free from soil, apply lime for slugs, and water.

Make plantations of strawberries. Plant the runners, as soon as fit, eighteen inches apart in the rows, which should be two feet six inches from one another. Shade, if necessary, till the plants get fresh hold, and water when needed.

Continue to cut off runners when not required for new plantations. Layer border carnations, and transplant seedlings of herbaceous plants.

WINDFALL FOR A RED INDIAN TRIBE

World's Richest People

£2000 A YEAR FOR EVERYBODY

Which is the richest nation in the world, reckoning the income per head of the population?

Whatever nation it may have been in the past, there is no doubt that in the near future the Osage Indians, numbering two thousand and living on the Red Indian Reservation in Oklahoma, will be the richest people in the world.

Oil has just been found on their territory, and with the permission of the United States Government they are selling their lands near Tulsa to an oil company for nearly a million pounds down and a sixth of the profits on all the oil produced there.

Altogether 2000 tribesmen will participate in this deal, and it is estimated that each will receive an annual income of about £2000. This will give the Osage nation a greater average income than any other people on the face of the earth.

Protecting the Red Man

The Red Indians of America are a dying race, but the United States Government looks after their interests and welfare with paternal care. They have a territory of about 30,000 square miles, of which 400 miles are water, in the very heart of the United States, and there they are able to live as natural a life as is possible in the modern world.

No white man may settle on their land or buy it from them without the permission of the Government, and the present sale has only been permitted because it is in the interests of the Red Men themselves.

The Indians have very little business knowledge, and in the early days of the nineteenth century they were cruelly exploited by the whites and half-breeds, who, under the pretence of buying their lands, acquired the best territory for far less than its value, and the natives were crowded into less productive areas.

Then the Government stepped in and made itself responsible for the interests of the Red Men. Now it is not possible for them to be dealt with unfairly, as any business transaction in regard to their land must receive official approval before it is rendered legal.

Many of the Indians are well educated, and it is hoped that this windfall will become a real blessing and benefit to the Osage tribesmen.

BABOON AND HER BABY

Pathetic Story of the Gold-
Diggings

The daughter of a Transvaal Boer, who was a pioneer gold-digger on the Rand, vouches for the truth of this story of a monkey's mother-love. It seems a pitiful thing to have shot so fine a creature.

My father was one of the first gold-diggers in the Barberton district.

There he often saw crowds of huge baboons crossing his path. They moved very slowly; so sometimes he would have to sit down and wait till they had passed. He knew that they would not touch him if he did not try to cross their path, though they watched him suspiciously.

One day he and a friend, who was a very good shot, sat on a kopje watching a crowd of baboons cross near the edge of a precipice close to them. Last of all came a mother baboon with her baby.

"Watch; I am going to fire!" said his friend; and then fired.

There was a moment of intense silence, and then the mother baboon swayed.

Suddenly she gathered up all her strength, and, taking her baby, tossed it to safety to the other baboons before she fell over the precipice.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

Are There Two Life-Germs in a Double-Yolked Egg?

Sometimes there are two life-germs, but this is not always the case.

When and How Does a Swift Drink?

It skims the surface of the water and sips up moisture as it flies, frequently wetting its breast in the act.

Why Do Flowers Smell Stronger in the Evening?

It is only white ones that do. Their scent is strongest after sunset because they have to attract night-flying moths to fertilise them.

Can Frogs Injure a Dyke?

Frogs are perfectly harmless to dykes. The story of these creatures being killed in Holland in the belief that they cause damage shows that ignorance of natural history is not confined to our own land.

How Should a Tame Jackdaw be Fed?

It is best to keep as close as possible to the natural diet of the free bird, and that consists of insects, flesh, eggs, etc. Vegetable food can be added, but we must remember that the bird is mainly a flesh-eater.

Does a Bird Moults Twice a Year?

Some birds moult once annually, some twice a year, some even thrice in the 12 months. It is believed that the ancient birds moulted every three or four months, simply because the primitive feathers could no longer stand the wear and tear of daily life and labour.

Why Do Cows Chew the Cud?

All ruminants, of which the cow is one, bolt their food on gathering it and then at their leisure return it to the mouth in small portions for mastication, after which it is ready for digestion. We, and the rest of the non-ruminants, differ from the cow by chewing our food before swallowing it.

How Should Caterpillars be Kept?

A rough-and-ready plan is to have a good-sized box with a glass lid, through which they can be observed. They must be fed regularly, so that their food may not become dry, and, of course, the home must be kept scrupulously clean. A good plan is to take the leaf on which the eggs are laid, and then, when the eggs are hatched, to feed with the same foliage.

What is the Scotchman?

The Scotchman of natural history is not likely to be met in the land which gives it its name, nor in any other part of the British Isles. It is one of the sub-family of lark-heeled cuckoos, of which there are upwards of 30 species. It is the Gold Coast species that bears this strange name. The Scotchman builds a nest and hatches its own eggs.

How Can a Bat Find Its Nest?

Bats do not nest, but hang by their claws to convenient places in sheltered nooks in belfries, outbuildings, hollow trees, and so forth. They find their way because they possess the homing instinct, which carries bird, beast, reptile and insect in safety back to its dwelling. We cannot explain the instinct; we only know that it exists.

What Breed of Dog is Most Intelligent?

It is not easy to prove that any one breed of domesticated dogs excels other breeds in intelligence. Dogs differ greatly in mental qualities in practically all breeds, and each of us likes to think that his own pet leads its kind. The highest level of intelligence is found, of course, among those types of dogs most closely associated with human indoor life, but who are not denied outdoor freedom.

Can the Insects Ever Beat Mankind?

Man has not yet won the final mastery of life, and if man were to cease fighting his insect enemies it is quite certain that they could stand across his path, stop his progress, and even blot out human life. The question is discussed in the C.N. monthly, My Magazine, for August.

FIREWORK DISPLAY IN THE SKY

GREAT SHOWER OF
METEORS EXPECTED

Messengers from Space Reach
the Earth

FLASH ACROSS THE TELESCOPE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Perseid meteors are due next week, and are expected to be most plentiful during August 10, 11, and 12.

From about 11 at night until daybreak the bright streaks of these "shooting stars" may be seen at intervals of a few minutes flashing across the sky.

In the late evening the region to watch is toward the north-east, about a third of the way up from the horizon toward overhead. This is where the constellation of Perseus is shining, and from where the meteors appear to come. That is why they are called Perseids.

As the night advances more meteors are likely to be seen. This is because we are nearer to the front of the Earth—that is, the direction in which the Earth is going—at daybreak; while in the evening we are to the rear, or behind the Earth, and it is obvious that our world will run into more of the meteor swarm in front than behind.

The Path of a Meteor

But by daybreak, say about 4 a.m., Perseus is almost overhead, so the meteors will then appear to come from overhead, and their paths will radiate in different directions across the sky.

The height at which the meteor first appears as a point of light is between 70 and 80 miles, while its path averages from 30 to 50 miles in length. This path appears to us as a bright streak; its apparent length, of course, depends upon the angle at which it is approaching us.

Meteors have appeared for a time to stand almost still. This was because they were approaching the observer direct, and such occasions are very rare. But the actual length of the meteor's path depends largely upon the size of the meteor, the larger ones burning longer and therefore performing a longer journey through our atmosphere.

Travelling 30 Miles a Second

On rare occasions, fortunately, they are not burnt out before they reach the Earth, and the fragment left can be found. Some specimens in the writer's possession are as large as cricket balls and very heavy. They are composed of iron and nickel, with serrated surface, as though the metal had crystallised as it cooled.

An analysis of the materials entering into the composition of meteors shows that they are similar to those we have on Earth. Besides iron and nickel silicon, magnesium cobalt, tin, copper, carbon, sodium, and oxygen are found, and doubtless many more elements were there that have been burnt away before they reached us. As a rule, however, they vanish when about 30 to 40 miles above us, after a second or two's flight through our atmosphere.

Dust on the Arctic Snow

They move at a speed, in the case of the Perseids, of from 30 to 35 miles a second, by which time the little particle of matter, usually no larger than a marble, and often like grains of sand, is burnt up, and the residue falls to Earth as little microscopic globules of meteoric dust. Some of this has been collected from the undisturbed snows of Arctic and mountainous regions.

Astronomers are usually very glad of the rare opportunity of catching sight of a meteor through a telescope. This was the writer's good fortune last autumn when observing a far-off universe of suns, called a star cluster, through a powerful telescope.

The meteor, a pear-shaped, bubbling mass of light, suddenly passed across the field of view, resembling a golden Venus, and momentarily obliterating the faint sparkling suns.

G. F. M.

A MESSAGE FROM SPACE

A Thrilling Story of Flying Adventures
Telling How Mars Saved the Earth

Told by
GEORGE
GOODCHILD



CHAPTER 39 A Race in the Air

THE Dragon-Fly lifted her nose and spun away into the clouds. Higher and higher she got as the Peruvian mountains grew nearer, for Oraya itself pierced space to the extent of 12,000 feet.

At 16,000 feet the Dragon-Fly resumed a level course. The mountains slid away, and eventually the sea loomed up.

They passed over the coast near the border-line of Ecuador, and headed due west.

The behaviour of the vessel was magnificent. The new steering-gear worked admirably, and the spirits of the crew were high.

The day passed without a hitch to hinder their headlong flight. Rolf had picked up the station at Lima and had given the staff the surprise of their lives. It took ten minutes to convince them that the long-lost Dragon-Fly was actually in full flight across the Pacific. They begged for information, but got none.

An hour later every city in the world was agog with the news.

"Joan may have heard by now," said Tom.

"And Ida," said Rolf. "By Jove, I wonder if the American airship has been launched yet?"

"We shall know when we reach Brisbane."

"Wouldn't the skipper be sick to find her there when we arrive?" "I should think so, too, after all we've gone through."

The next day the Dragon-Fly passed the Marquesas Islands, a small group stewing under the equatorial sun. An American man-of-war was ploughing the ocean beneath.

It sent a signal through; and Tom, who was operating during Rolf's lunch-time, was amazed. The call was for the Arkansas.

He sent back: "We are not the Arkansas. We are the Dragon-Fly—Captain Robert Breckneck."

"Dragon-Fly—the lost Dragon-Fly?"

"Yes."

He imagined the commotion that this must have caused, but it was nothing to that which the next message caused on board the Dragon-Fly.

It meant that the American ship had started on her world voyage. When the crew heard that they were wild with excitement. It was going to be a race.

All day long full speed was maintained. The wonderful engines hummed and droned with never a halt, and each member of the crew followed the hourly progress by means of the bearings sent out by wireless.

Despite the slight loss of time occasioned they descended to 3000 feet at Samoa, and found the scene of the catastrophe which had sent them hurtling back into their late retreat. One of the small islands had almost entirely disappeared. Only a small point of land remained to show that once human beings had walked and lived there. The volcano had blown itself to atoms.

"We should reach Brisbane tomorrow evening," said Robert.

But early the next morning the crew were paralysed to see ahead of them a vast airship, half as big again as the Dragon-Fly.

"The Arkansas!" gasped Henderson.

"It looks like it. They must have taken a more northerly course than the warship expected. It's a fine vessel."

A message came:

"Captain Artemus Hendrik sends congratulations to captain and crew Dragon-Fly."

Robert smiled.

"Our friend Artemus has had the laugh on us. He must have known ever since we sent out our first message. I've no doubt he has a first-class wireless apparatus. But we aren't beaten yet."

"Not likely," snorted Henderson. "His vessel is a 'goer' under certain conditions. These conditions at present obtain. I want to see her behave when the wind changes, as it is in process of doing."

"So do I," responded Robert. "She is clumsy in her bows."

For the next hour the Arkansas grew gradually away. In spite of every effort of the Dragon-Fly the American ship gained.

The crew began to look down in the mouth.

"I would never have believed it," said Tom.

He walked out into the corridor, where he met Henderson. Tom expected to find him gloomy, but Henderson was quite cheery.

"Well, what do you think of our competitor?" he asked.

"I didn't see much of her, but she's wonderfully fast."

"She is. You'll be able to see her more distinctly by-and-by when we pass her."

Tom stared.

"She's too big in the beam. Perhaps you didn't notice it, but the wind veered round not long ago and she won't like it. Oh, we shall pass her if this change in the wind lasts for any time."

And last it did. In less than two hours the Arkansas came into view, bumping rather badly. The Dragon-Fly, steady as a rock, began to overhaul her. Little by little she drew closer.

Every soul aboard her was thinking of nothing but the race.

Coral reefs and islands passed beneath their feet. Black islanders gazed up in awe at the wondrous sight, but no one had eyes for anything below. The Americans were just as keen as the British to touch Australia first.

Artemus Hendrik threatened his crew with instant annihilation if they didn't get more speed out of her. But it availed him nothing.

The Dragon-Fly actually caught him up, and passed him within a knot. After that he only saw the rudder of his doughty competitor.

CHAPTER 40

The Dragon-Fly Arrives

THE wind kept steady, and in the late afternoon the big southern continent loomed up.

"We're there!" gasped Tom.

"Looks like Brisbane," said Rolf.

They looked behind them, but the Arkansas had vanished from view.

"We have to thank the wind," said Henderson. "The Arkansas will beat us back; but we're here first, and that is all that matters."

They berthed the vessel at Brisbane, in a hangar that had been waiting empty for more than a year. The Dragon-Fly came to earth with but 200 gallons of petrol in her tanks.

Vast crowds had collected, and every member of the crew was bombarded by newspaper reporters. They solemnly told their questioners that they had spent a year in Riobamia and gave absolutely no clue as to where this magic land lay.

No one had ever heard of Riobamia, and the general impression created was that the crew were either mad or attempting to take a quiet rise out of the press.

Two hours later the huge Arkansas arrived, and had to moor in the open, as there was no hangar big enough for her.

Her captain met Robert in the hotel later.

"Say, the little Dragon-Fly is some ship," he said.

"Yes. She's pretty good. But it was all a question of wind."

"Sure. But I thought I had you beat."

"Well, you can beat us back." Hendrik's eyes twinkled.

"I might, but I guess I'm not trying. It's your little stunt—you get right along and pull it through. The Arkansas can give the globe the once-over when you're through."

This decision was dictated by his good nature. He knew, as Robert did, that a race back would be an unequal affair, for the Arkansas was at least 20 knots faster than the Dragon-Fly, and would certainly win under normal conditions.

He sympathised with Robert's hard luck on the outward trip, and was willing to forego the honour of being first to encircle the globe.

In the meantime Tom and Rolf were looking over the city. The mail had been taken over by the Post Office officials and was in process of being sorted. The recipients would be surprised when they saw the date of the English post-mark, but the letters had some historical value, which was a set-off against the delay.

A boy with a bundle of papers under his arm came running up the street.

"Return of the lost airship," he yelled.

As fast as he could collect pennies, papers were distributed. Tom was fortunate in securing the last one. He turned to the somewhat fictional report. It occupied practically all the paper. Photographs of the Dragon-Fly had been resurrected in order to fill space.

"They've made quite a romance of it," said Rolf.

"Yes; but there's not a word about Riobamia."

"I suppose they couldn't find it on the map. They say the vessel was wrecked on a desert island by the eruption at Samoa. I didn't know there were any desert islands nowadays."

Tom made no reply. He was staring at a small paragraph.

"Famous British scientist prophesies end of the world in February."

He suddenly remembered the strange incomplete message from Mars. He searched his pockets and found the slip.

"Earth's doom is at hand. On February 6, we shall be in opposition. We shall send you... Prepare to..."

What an extraordinary coincidence!

Was this scientist less mad than the press thought him to be? The dates coincided, and yet... the whole thing seemed so impossible. What could bring disaster upon earth in a few months?

But if the scientist were mad, were the Martians mad too?

All night Tom tossed sleeplessly in his bed. The coincidence between the unknown professor's prophecy and the Martians' warning was too significant to be ignored. He made up his mind to visit the editor of the paper the first thing in the morning, with a view to getting further details.

But in the morning Robert surprised the crew by announcing that the Dragon-Fly had taken in oil and would start immediately on the homeward voyage. There was no time to do anything but go straight aboard.

At eleven o'clock precisely the vessel started off. Her unannounced departure was a great surprise to the citizens, who had imagined she would stay at least a week. It was a great tribute to her extraordinary endurance that she was able to accomplish this. She was as fit as when she left the hangar in England, over twelve months ago.

There was something magical in the sensation of being hurried home in this way. There was not a member of the crew who did not gaze with eager eyes out over the opalescent sea to the place where, beyond the horizon, lay England.

Java and Sumatra passed under their feet. India, sun-scorched and gleaming with a million minarets, slid away. Across the heart of Persia the Dragon-Fly pursued her flight, ultimately to reach the blazing white mass of Constantinople.

"Now for Europe," said Tom.

"And England," Rolf added.

Crossing Europe they were not left in any doubt as to the manner of their reception. Every city was thronged with people looking upwards. They were not able to take half the messages which came to them. Everything was forgotten in the excitement of seeing the Homeland again. After all, there was no country like England.

Where in the world was anything as wonderful as Devonshire? Riobamia, with all its rich meadows, its encircling jungles and mountains, its almost eternal sunshine, could not compare with those verdant valleys.

Under the keel of the Dragon-Fly had passed all manner of lands, with their varied peoples. They had looked down upon the cannibals of the Solomons, the white-robed mountaineers of Eastern Europe, but none of these sights aroused the emotion they now felt.

They were actually over the coast, with English fields beneath them. Robert was talking through the wireless telephone with a member of the House of Commons. Tom wondered what Joan would be thinking just then.

In an hour they were in sight of the aerodrome.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

Courtier and Poet

MANY hundreds of years ago a child was born in London of fairly well-to-do parents, and received a good education. As he grew up he studied law, and was soon appointed to various public offices, and, being a favourite at the King's court, he married a court lady.

Promotion came to him rapidly, and he travelled on the Continent as an ambassador, probably meeting in Italy one of the most famous poets of the Middle Ages. He had previously been a soldier, helping in an invasion of France, where he was made a prisoner of war, but his own sovereign ransomed him, and he returned home after only a short captivity.

Back in London, he was later on granted a pension equal to about £250 a year of our money, and was appointed to an important public post.

Then he was sent once more, with other ambassadors, to the Continent, and one of the missions entrusted to the party was to negotiate a marriage for the English king with a French princess.

On his return he was elected M.P. for Kent, and, though for a time he seems to have lost all his public offices, he afterwards regained his prosperity.

He was appointed clerk of the works to the king's palaces, and important repairs at Windsor Castle were carried out under his direction. On the accession of a new sovereign he received still greater favours, and the pension he enjoyed was much increased. But as a business man he does not seem to have been a great success, and, being far from thrifty, his closing years were not free from money troubles.

Strange to say, though the offices which he held were high ones, and though he was no doubt much envied by less fortunate place-seekers of his day, it is not as a royal ambassador, a courtier, or a civil servant that we think of him today. Had he been these things and nothing more we should probably have never heard his name.

He became a famous author, using the common language of the people of his day for his writings, and his poetical works that have come down to us are among the masterpieces of our literature. It is as a great poet, one of the most famous on our national roll of fame, that we know him.

One of the great charms of his books is that they give us a most interesting and very faithful picture of English life as it existed in the 14th century.

For liveliness of imagination, vigour of description, vivacious and easy writing, he has few rivals in English literature.

When he died he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





Rapidly, Merrily, Life's Sunny Hours Go By



DI MERRYMAN

JONES: "Can you tell me why time flies?"
James: "No. What is the answer?"
Jones: "Because so many people are trying to kill it."

The Private School

A SCHOOLMASTER, asked how many pupils attended his school, replied, "One half study science, one-fourth the classics, one-seventh mathematics, and there are three besides."

How many pupils were there in the school? *Solution next week*

Peter Puck's Puzzle

A TRULY pacific Pacific!
But how is it done?
The Eagle, how can it lie down with The Rising Sun?

WHY is the Lord Mayor of London like an almanac?
Because he serves for only a year.

Seen on the Sands

UNCLE JAMES, by Aunt Hannah's commands,
Bought some shoes to go out on the sands.

They were short by an inch,
And he cried "Oh, they pinch!"
So he had to walk home on his hands.



Adventures of Augustus & Marmaduke

SAID Marmaduke to his chum Gus,
"Red Indians we will be.
Upon the war-path we will go;
It won't be half a spree."
On their faces paint they put,
And feathers on their heads,
Until they looked, so I've been told,
Like real scalp-hunting reds.
But Farmer Giles was watching near.
Said he, "You come with me.
I'll teach you 'braves' to frighten folks

With what you call a spree."
He took them to a field where wheat
Was set in even rows,
And stuck them upright in the ground
To scare away the crows.

Dropped Letter
FOR first I please track
An African black.
Drop out the centre, and see
That an emperor's name—
It is of great fame—
My next will most surely be.

Answer next week

What Birds Are These?



Each of these pictures represents the name of a well-known bird. Do you know what they are? *Answers next week*

WHAT is worse than raining cats and dogs?
Raining omnibuses.

Is Your Name Barlow?

THIS surname is borrowed from the place named Barlow, which occurs in several parts of England. The first people to bear the name lived at one of the Barlows.

The place-name was originally spelt Bere-lawe, and means the barley-covered hill.

The Land Lubber

A NEGRO went for his first voyage and was caught in a violent storm. When a fellow passenger asked him if he were a good sailor he said:

"No, sar; I am a land lubber I lub the land so well that I will never go to sea again."

WHAT is the difference between an engine-driver and a school-master?

One minds the train and the other trains the mind.

The Sea

BEHOLD the wonders of the mighty deep,
Where crabs and lobsters learn to creep,
And little fishes learn to swim,
And clumsy sailors tumble in.

Ending the Case

A FAR-WESTERN magistrate in the early days closed a dispute between two lawyers and the court thus:

"If the court is right, and she thinks she are, why, then, you are wrong, and she knows you is, so shut up."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Can You Solve This? Radicals

Decapitations
Near, ear. Clock, lock. Never, ever

Events in History

First monoplane flight from France to Dover, 1909.

Jacko Leaves the Gate Open

ONE of the first things a country boy learns is never to leave field gates open when there are cattle about. Of course they will stray if they get half a chance. Jacko knew that as well as anybody; and when his uncle warned him he said so.

"Then why didn't you shut the gate when you came out of the big meadow?" he demanded.

Jacko looked very astonished.

"Didn't I?" he said. "Sorry. Nothing happened, did it?"

"No," replied his uncle, "because I was just behind you."

And yet, only a day or two later, Jacko forgot again.

It was the field where the sheep were this time. Jacko went in to have a look at the new pens that had just been put up. He was so interested in them that he had no idea how long he stayed, and when he turned to go out he was surprised to find the field empty. Half an hour before a flock of sheep had been grazing in it.

"Now, where have they all got to?" mused Jacko.

And then he gave a great shout. It wasn't much of a mystery.



Jacko chased the sheep into the water

There they were, the whole flock, placidly climbing the hill on the other side of the lane.

"Now I've done it," cried Jacko. "How on earth can I get them back?"

It was no easy job, as he knew.

He raced back to the farm for help.

"The sheep are out!" he shouted.

"It's that dratted boy, I'll be bound," said one of the men, as they hurried off.

But the sheep had got a good start, and for hours every man and boy on the farm was chasing them.

In the end the quickest way home was the road by the river. The runaways allowed themselves to be driven as far as the water, and there they stuck.

"Stupid things!" cried Jacko. "I'll make them move!"

And, before anyone could prevent him, he rushed up behind the poor creatures, shouting and waving his arms, and frightening them to death.

In desperation they flocked to the water—and in they went!

"Now you've done it!" cried the farmer. "Half of 'em will drown before I can get 'em out!" and, turning to Jacko in his fury, he added: "This is the limit. I've had enough of you, my lad. You'll go home tomorrow—and I'm not sure that you won't go tonight!"

Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: Ye Took Me In

31. Lorsque le Fils de l'homme viendra dans sa gloire, avec tous les anges, il s'assiéra sur le trône de sa gloire.

32. Toutes les nations seront assemblées devant lui. Il séparera les uns d'avec les autres, comme le berger sépare les brebis d'avec les boucs.

33. Et il mettra les brebis à sa droite, et les boucs à sa gauche.

34. Alors le roi dira à ceux qui seront à sa droite: Venez, vous qui êtes bénis de mon Père; prenez possession du royaume qui vous a été préparé dès la fondation du monde.

35. Car j'ai eu faim, et vous m'avez donné à manger; j'ai eu soif, et vous m'avez donné à boire; j'étais étranger, et vous m'avez recueilli.

36. J'étais nu, et vous m'avez vêtu; j'étais malade, et vous m'avez visité; j'étais en prison, et vous êtes venus vers moi.

Saint Matthew 25

Notes and Queries

What does Ad interim mean? For the meantime.

What is a Tidal Wave? The great wave, or movement of the sea, which we call the tide, caused by the attraction of the sun and moon. The term is also used for the great wave or sway of water caused in the sea by an earthquake in the ocean bed.

Who was St. Swithin? A bishop of Winchester in the ninth century who is said to have asked to be buried where the rain from the eaves of the cathedral might fall on his grave. A century later, so the story goes, his bones were moved, and rain fell in torrents for forty days. This legend is the origin of the popular superstition about St. Swithin's Day. The records of the Meteorological Office for seventy years show that there is no basis for the idea that it will rain for forty days if it is wet on July 15.

Tales Before Bedtime

Next Door

NINA found it very lonely all by herself in the garden; but when she went in to dinner Nurse had news for her. "The new people have come," she said.

Nina knew she was speaking of the house next door.

"Oh, Nannie!" she cried.

"Are there any children?"

Nannie couldn't tell her.

Nina was all impatience to find out. She could hardly eat her dinner, and the moment Nurse allowed her she slid down from her chair and ran out.

With her little body pressed close against the fence that divided the two gardens, she listened.

For a long time there wasn't a sound. Then she heard something being wheeled along. A perambulator! It must be.

The wheels came nearer. Nina stooped down and tried to peep through a break in the fence. But it wasn't big enough.

She ran into the house and fetched a chair. Then she climbed up and looked over.

What she saw nearly made her cry with vexation. The thing on wheels was a bath-chair! In it sat an old gentleman.

As Nina said "Oh!" in a very disappointed voice he looked up.

"Having a peep at your new neighbours, are you?" he said, and there was a merry twinkle in his eye.

It was the twinkle that gave Nina courage to say, "I wondered if there were any children for me to play with."

The old gentleman chuckled.

"And you only found me," he said. "I'm afraid I'm not much good as a playmate. But I know some youngsters who



Nina tried to peep through

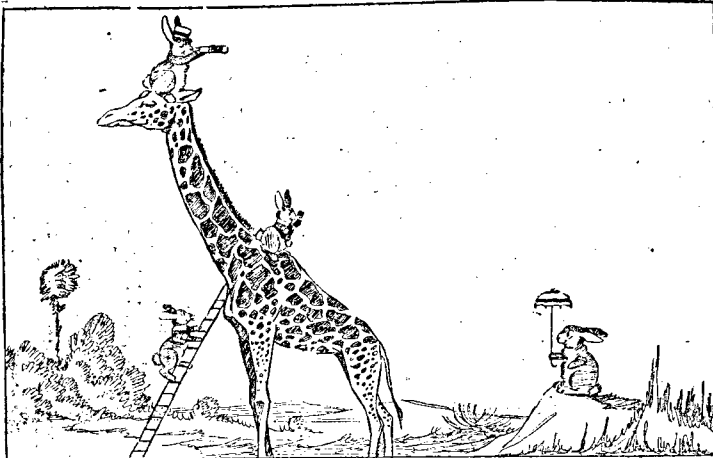
will be," and, raising his voice, he cried, "Ethel! Teddie!"

Across the lawn came two children, just about Nina's age. And at their heels, barking loudly, was the jolliest little terrier Nina had ever seen.

She clapped her hands. It was going to be perfectly splendid, after all.

"I'll be back directly," she cried, jumping down. "I'm just going to ask Nurse if you can all come to tea."

The Adventures of the Rabbit Family



Mr. Giraffe shows them the sign

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

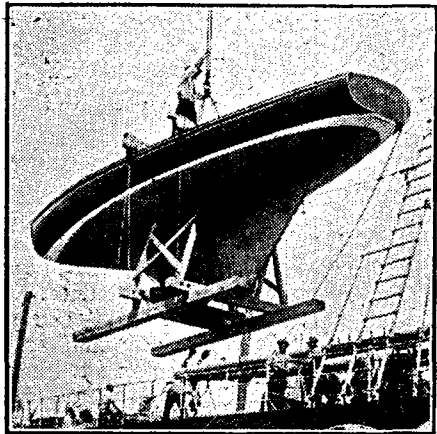
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August 6, 1921.

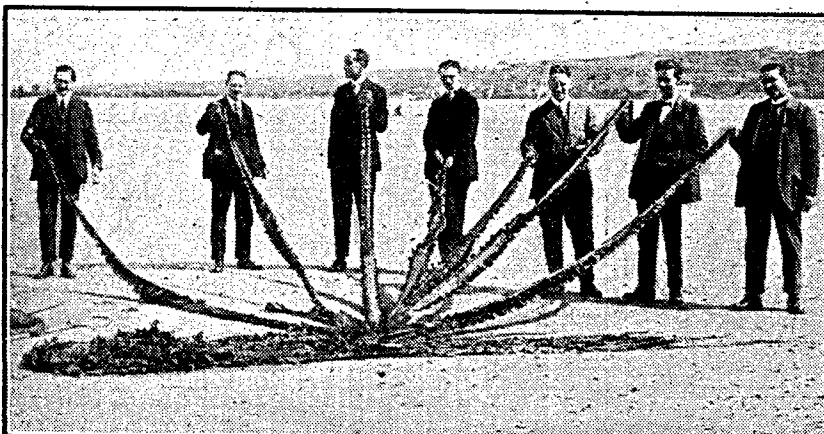
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Postage of the Children's Newspaper is Inland 1d., Abroad 1d.; a year's postal subscription is Inland 13s. Abroad 11s. A year's postal subscription to the monthly companion, My Magazine is: British Isles, 14s.; elsewhere 13s. 6d. In South Africa, Australasia, Canada, all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

YACHT GOES ON BOARD · A GIANT SEAWEED · GOLF ON THE GOODWIN SANDS



A Yacht Goes on Board—Four yachts, to represent the United States in the races at Cowes, were shipped to England on a liner, here shown receiving her unusual cargo



A Giant Seaweed—Some seaweeds grow to an enormous size, and this fine specimen of a complete plant was washed ashore and picked up on the beach at Nacqueville, near Cherbourg, in France. The leaves measured 15 feet in length. Seaweeds are the lowest of the large families of plants, being even below the funguses



Golf on the Goodwin Sands—Cricket has been played on the Goodwins, and here we see a game of golf in the same place, with W. J. Hunter, the Amateur Champion, about to take a shot



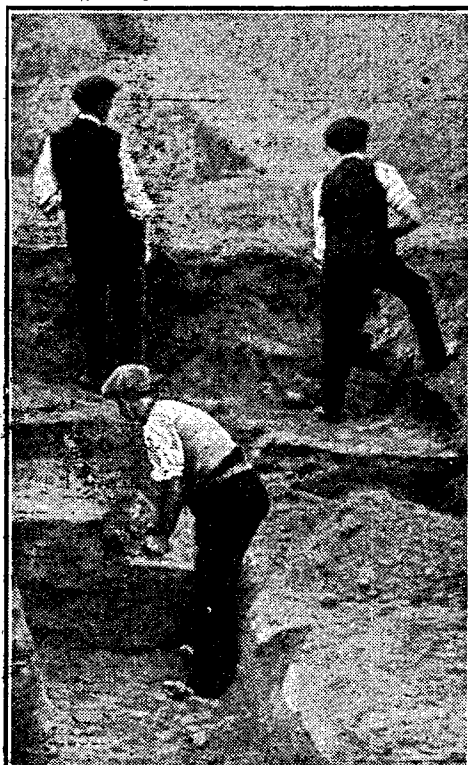
A Fine Finish—Miss Lane winning the 75 yards race at the Kensington Argyle athletic meeting at Southfields



Sails for Swimmers—A good idea for the hot weather has occurred to some of the bathers at the seaside, who rig up masts and sails, as shown in this picture, and thus get through the water without the exertion of swimming



The Baby Keeps Cool—At the seaside the children have been able to keep cool during the hot weather, like this happy baby at Exmouth



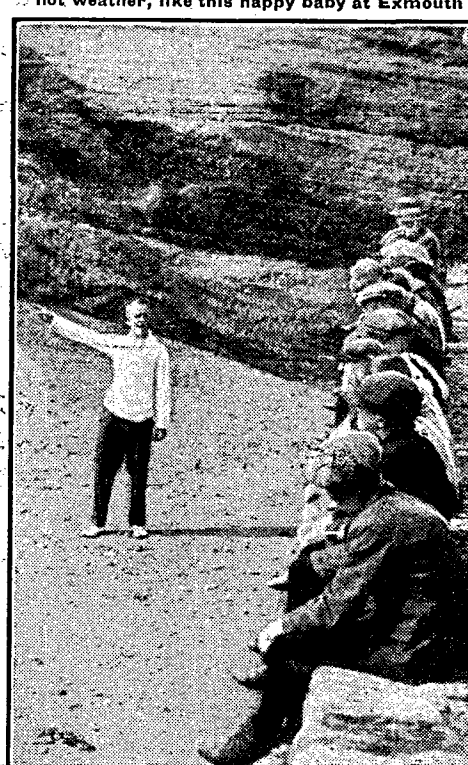
Sandpits near Buckingham Palace—During the repairs to a road near the Palace large quantities of valuable silver sand were discovered some distance down, as shown here



Winners in the First University Air Race—W. S. Philcox, R. K. Muir, and H. A. Francis, the Cambridge airmen who beat Oxford in the University Air Race



A Run on the Dorset Sands—This little holiday-maker at Lyme Regis is showing an unusual amount of energy for the warm weather. Her costume and sun hat, however, enable her to keep cool even in the hot sunshine



A Geology Lesson by the Sea—Exeter school-boys are in camp at Dawlish, where they are studying Nature at first hand. Here their master is giving a geology lesson on the local rocks